Enter Exton with the Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare: herein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of *Burdeaux*, by mee hither brought.
King. *Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deede of slaughter with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.
Exton. From your owne mouth (my Lo.) did I this deed.
King. They loue not poyson, that do poyson need,
Nor doe I thee, though I did wish him dead;
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely fauour:
With *Cain* goe wander through the shade of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinckle me to make me grow:
Come mourne with me, for what I doe lament,
And put on sullen blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.

Line 6 of flaunder — 15 through shades of —